VOLUME 1.

Business Directory. METROPOLITAN Fire Insurance Company.

East Saginaw Courier. CASH CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$380,000 GEO. F. LEWIS, Proprietor. OFFICE, No. 108 BROADWAY

Corner of Pine Street,

ROBERT C. RATHBONE, Ass't See'y.

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GARRISON & DICKINSON

Wholesale Grecers and Importers,

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OFFER TO THE TRADE,

120 Hhds Sugers, all grades, 5 et. to 9 et. 200 Sacks Coffee, " " 11 " " 15 " 250 Chests Tqn, " " 29 " " 45 "

Together with a complete stock of Groceries and

Liquors. Our goods were purchased since the decline at the recent auction sales ron casu, and we are en-abled to offer great inducements to Michigan and Canadian Merchagis.

J. LATHROP.

DENTIST.

WOULD RESPECTIVLLY ANNOUNCE TO

other three of fast Saginaw, that he has opened an office on Washington Street, opposite the Bancroft House, where he will be most happy to wait upon all who may be in need of his services.

Special attention will be given to the preservation of the natural teeth. Est Crystal, and Sponge Gold used in filling. Artificial teeth inserted in the most approved manner, from a single tooth to an entire set, upon Gold Silver, Cheeplasty Pivots &c.—All work will be thoroughly done on reasonable terms, and warranted.

and warranted J. LATHROP. East Saginaw, October 13th, 1859.

BOOTS, SHOES & LEATHER!

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In general, which they will sell at as low if not loser rates than they have ever been purchased herd.

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A share of patronage is solicited. E. Sag., Sept. 22, '59. M. C. MOWER & CO.

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LUMBERMEN'S AND SHIPS STORES.

Will do well to call on us before completi-utfit for the woods.

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Travelers Directory.

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Boss & Burrell's Stage leaves daily for Flint and Helly, at 6 A. M., and 2 P. M., connecting with D. & M. R. W. to Detroit.

Steamer Kolooloh, Capt. J. C. McGregor, leave Mondays and Thurslays for Goderich, connecting with the Buffalo & Lake Huron Railway.

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W. L. P. LITTLE & CO., Bankers and Exchange Brokers, buy and sell Exchange, Bank Notes, Gold and Silver, &c. Will seription and variety (except Pastebourd and Sharpire prompt attention to Collections, and remit to the prompt attention to Collections, and remit to the prompt and the prompt rates. Takes table for pasters; drafts at current rates. Taxes paid for non-test dents, and all matters connected with a Land Agen sy promptly attended to. EAST SAGINAW.

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Exchange Office, will buy and sell Notes, Mortgages Drafts, &c., and uncurrent money. All collection promptly attended to. Office at Bay City; Bay County, Michigan. BAY CITY.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law and Solicitors in Chancery. Agents for buying and selling Lands, paying Taxes, &c. Office, corner of Water and Genesce streets. EAST SAGINAW.

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caler in Family Groceries, Oils, Paints and Glass, Confectionarys, Purnes and Raistus, Ladies' Work Baskots, Pote for House Plants, &c., &c. Water Street, five doors south of Brick Block. EAST SAGINAW.

AMBROTYPES.

EASTMAN, HAVING FITTED UP ROOMS
over Sanborn & Tucker's Provision Store, is now
prepared to take Ambrotypes in superior style, and
put them up in beautiful cases just received by Express. Good pictures taken as low as FIFTY CENTS

SHEET MUSIC.—IN GREAT VARIETY THIS

EAST SAGINAW, MICHIGAN, DECEMBER 15, 1859. Selected Loctry.

LOWLY PLEASURES.

BY BARRY CORNWALL. Methinks I love all common things; The common air, the common flower; The dear, kind, common thought that springs From those that have no other dower, No other wealth, no other power, Save love; and will not that repay

For all olse fortune tears away ? Methinks I love the horny hand That labors until dusk from dawn; Methinks I love the russet band, Beyond the hand of silk or lawn And oh! the lovely laughter drawn From pleasant lips, when sunny May

What good are fancys fair that rack With painful thought the poet's brain ? Alas! they eaunot bear us back Unto the happy years again ! But the white rose without a stain Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers, When youth was bounteous as the hours.

E'en now, were I but rich, my hand Should open like a vernal cloud, When it casts beauty on a land In music sweet, but never lond; But I am of the humble crowd; And thus I am content to be, If thou, sweet muse, wilt cherish me.

THE POWER OF SONG BY PRESERVED SCHILLES.

A min-flood from the Fountain riven. It leaps in thunder forth to-day; Before its rush the erags are driven, The oaks uprooted whirld away ! Awed-yet in awe all wildly gladuing, The startled wanderer halts below? He hears the rock-born waters mad'ning. Nor wits the source from whence they go, to, from their high, mysterious Founts, along, Stream on the silence world the Waves of Sung

Knite with the thread of life, for ever, By those dread Powers that weave the woof .-Whose art the sloger's spell can sever ? Whose breast has mail to music proof? Lo, to the Bard, a wand of wonder He sinks the soul the death-realm under, Or lifts it breathless up to heaven-Half sport, half earnest, rocking its devotion Upon the tramulous ladder of emotion,

For the sweet absent mother—bears Hervoice—and, round her neck entwining Young arms, vents all its sour in fears; So, by barsh Custom far estranged, Along the glad and gulless track To childhood's happy home unchanged, The swift song wafts the wanderer back-

Snatch'd from the cold and formal world. By the Great Mother to her glowing breast

THE SAGINAW COUNTRY.

adence of the Manchester, N.H. Dally Mirro Ox board "Bell Seymore,"

Is the principle upon which they are determined to do business, and they will confine themselves exclu-sively to the Boot. Shoe and Leather trade. To their stock of goods for Eadies wear they would call par-County. The Tittabewassee river is staggered under his weight, as they It is navigable for small steamers to Mid land City, and is the great avenue to Saginaw for the lumber trade of northern interior of Michigan. Midland City is situated just below "Fhe Forks," which means the configuration of the Webster House, "on the west side of the Saginaw, shot a big doe, and I met him with it across the pommel of the Webster House, the configuration of the time with it across the pommel of the second big saidle and his block to the second bearing authority; on the contrary, he was harsh, not that he assumed any overbearing authority; on the contrary, he was harsh, not that he assumed any overbearing authority; on the contrary, he was sately, silent, and frigidly polite; and that was far more impressive. None of the time with it across the pommel of the deepest seclusion. I had a second ticular attention. They have constantly in their em-ploy the best of workmen, keep the best of French Caif and Patent Leather, and can and do make as good a Boot as can be bought in the State. Unsurpassed for durability and bounty, made to order. Their Manufactory is in constant operation, and all orders executed on the shortest notice. Lumbermen will do well to call and examine their stock of BOOTS before purchasing elsewhere, as they pledge themselves to selt a BETTER ARTICLE at a LOWER PRICE than has ever been sold in this county. Call and sec. A. EATON & CO. East Saginaw, October 20, 1859. means the confluence of the Pine, Chip pewa and Tittabewasse rivers: These rivers drain a large territory—the Titta-bewasse being "navigable for logs" 125 miles, and the Chippewa and Pine some 75 miles cach—and their tributaries, the Tobacco, Molasses, Salt and Little Salt THE VERY LATEST. being thus navigable for some 20 or 25 miles each. You people "down East" can have little idea of the way lumber ing is done in Michigan. The last year -with very little snow-there were 65, 000,000 feet of lumber got out into Saginaw. The present year arrangements are made to put in 120,000.000! Think of that, Mr. Judkins, with your one horsepower Amoskeag mill? We have on poard a lumberman with his gang, and his flat bottom boat in tow-all bound for the "raging Tobacco." He is to run people of this section of the universe that they have recently purchased the Grocery Establish-ment of Messrs. Copeland & Bartow of this City, at which stand they propose to keep constantly on hand a full supply of two "gangs," or "sets," as they term it. Each "gang" has four teams, four teamsters, three swampers, two choppers, and two sawyers-eleven to a gang, while a cook sees to "the larder" for the two gangs, all told. This man intends, weather permitting, to bank 2,500,000 of lumber the coming winter. Their principal food is pork and beans. The boat cipline of goodness, creates new hopes lumber the coming winter. Their principal food is pork and beans. The boat in tow has just come alongside, or rather when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws we have dropped alongside, and I see the bags marked—"Stark Mills, A, Seamence, the most gorgeous of all lights; less,"-an incident showing the infinite ramifications of mechanical labor and corruption and decay calls up beauty and commercial thrift-and further, remindng one of home. Here, on the Tittabevassee, 1000 miles from home, I am reading with pleasure the stamp upon a seamless bag-and why? Because comnerce has brought it far away into the wilderness, from that one point of attrac-

A new Supply of Frosh Family Groceries has been received at the Stara of John Derby, consisting of every article in this line that is required for family use—great pains have been taken in selecting such goods as are preferred by the best of house keepers, for pureness, excellence of flavor and beauty of appearance; it will not be necessary to say more than thus. Please call and examine my Sugars, Coffees, Teas. Spices, &c., and judge for yourselves.

LIMBERMEN'S AND SULPES OFFICERS.

"The cow and pigs

LUMBERMEN'S AND SHIPS STORES.

The to be had here in the gratest abundance and pariety—and it is also confidently added, at lower prices than elsewhere. I would take this opportunity to express my gratitude for the large patronage animals had their domicil, and were as shield already appreciate the benefit they have received, and hope that an intelligent public already appreciate the benefit they have received they have received by the greatly reduced prices at which my goods have been sold, exceptant with former ones imposed on them.

Like the bed of Procrustus, fashions are compelled to suit every one. The same fashion is adopted by the tall and the gomaster shook me warmly by the hand, short, the stout and slender, the old and the young, with what effect we have daily of Gotham, reminds me that there is a hotel in East Saginaw that equals, in all al.

Canal-boat.

the essential and substantial appointments, any one in that city, famed for its hotels. It is of brick, and cost the snug little sum of \$55,000. The bill for stand ing furniture footed \$6,500, and the other \$4,000 making in all \$65,500. The house is heated by steam, the cooking and wash-

Hobbs, formerly of Great Falls, and who connects the town with the river. sets himself down as a New Hampshire But my father and mother, whose only man—an article that passes at a premium child I was, cherished one dream of ambi-

manly landlord. stood at bay." Hobbs, of the Bancroft fortune equal to his popularity. other, spank in his side; that was a good shot, and was credited to Hobbs. There was a third—a big one in the haunch—a wild shot—but decent, considering I had the ague, and I accepted that as to be passed to mycredit, with sundry glasses of Lager, provided I had the Buck. To this verilet of the inquest there was not this verilet of the inquest there was not the sundry glasses and scarcely permitted us to exchange a word with each other during the day.—

some of 20 per cent. brine. At 30 per studio of Hans van Roos. cent. they will commence making salt of the West. Davy-not genius, power, wit or fancy; awakens life even in death, and from and shame the ladder to paradise; and far above all combination of earthly hopes, cells up the most delightful visions, palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic views only

under the weight of master and game!-

the Saginaw have for very little pains.

tion, home. Ah! "sweet home"-well has gloom, decay, and annihilation. Then, such is its caprice, that no sooner to her own simple accompaniment.

From Chambers' Journal. The Painter and his Pupil.

A FLEMISH STORY.

My father was a trader and distiller at Schiedam, on the Maas. Without being er suprised at the question.

'You will not be dependent on 'You will not be de ing is done by steam, and the wood is sawed by steam—the engine running uncuring every social comfort. We gave der the same roof, where are the "Gas and received visits from a few old friends; Works," which supply the gas for the we went occasionally to the theatre; and This hotel was opened in September, mer-house at a little distance from Schieful, and it will be my pride to leave you and is under the management of Mr. dam, on the banks of the canal which a respectable income at my death.'

in all the West. I am happy to find that tion, in which, fortunately, my own taste Mr. Hobbs is successful, and sure am I, led me to participate: they wanted me to that athis table, such is the array of regular and transient boarders, that it is difficult to fancy yourself—from the dress of the company, or the garnishing and "lading" of the tables—not in a first class of age, I was removed from school, and Hotel in New York, rather than in a city in the wilderness, where, nine years since, an artist living at Delft. Here I made there was but a single hut, and the wolves such progress, that by the time I had howled by night, and bear and deer, and the Indian, but little less wild than they, transferred to the atelier of Hans van prowled about by day. I can commend Roos, a descendant of the celebrated Mr. Hobbs and the "Bancroft House" to family of that name. Van Roos was not any of our Eastern friends who like good living, and an accommodating, gentletion as a painter of portraits and sacred walking stick. He will show them the hospitalities of subjects. There was an altar-piece of a city inside a fine house, and out of doors his in one of our finest churches; his such beauties of a wilderness country, as works had occupied the place of honor very few people east ever saw. For in- for the last six years at the annual exhistance, on Monday, the 21st uit., just off bition; and for portraiture he numbered the corporation, a Dutchman started a among his patrons most of the wealthy fine two year old Buck, by breaking one merchants and burgomasters of the city. of his legs with a shot gun. The dog Indeed, there could be no question fastened to the Buck and the animal that my master was rapidly acquiring a

was in quest of game of that sort with as Still, he was not a cheerful man. beautiful a little "silver-mounted rifle" as was whispered by the pupils that he had ever smacked a man's cheek, and your met with a disappointment early in life—humble servant was with him. Well, that he had loved, was accepted, and on didn't both of us about that time have the eve of marriage, was rejected by the the "Buck Ague?" If we didn't then you, lady for a more wealthy suitor. The friend Clarke, never treed a coon! Well, story, however, was founded merely on Hobbs rushed up and "had at" him, and then didn't I? Ague or no ague, we had him, and then came the question, who killed him? There were three wounds. Friesland, in the north of Holland, when The one in the hind leg neither Yankee a very young man; he had always been could claim, and that was put down to the same gloomy, pallid, labor-loving Hans—that stopt him. There was an citizen. He was a rigid Calvinist; he

this verdict of the inquest there was not a dissenting voice; even Hans, the Dutch-Standing there among us so silently, with November 9, 1859.

Friend Clarks: We are steaming up the Tittabewassee to Midland City, a distance

Tittabewassee to Midland City, a distance of 24 miles, the shire town of Midland heavy that Hans and another Dutchman gown, he looked almost like some stern old picture himself. To tell the truth. about the size of the Merrimack, and is trudged along with him to the Bancroft the most beautiful little river "out West." House." Well, now, there's sport for was harsh, not that he assumed any overhis saddle, and his black pony staggering floor in a neighboring street, and two of my fellow students occupied rooms in the same house. We used to meet at night Think of that you coon hunters down east! Such is the game we hunters on in each other's chambers, and make excursions to the exhibitions and theatres; and sometimes, on a summer's evening, Speaking of fresh meat, reminds me that in the lower part of the city of East we would hire a pleasure-boat, and row for a mile or two down the river. We They have sunk an artesian well about were merry enough then, and not quite 500 feet at this present writing, and find so silent I promise you, as in the gloomy

In the mean time, I was ambitious and as the State gives a premium of 50 cents anxious to glean every benefit from my per barrel of five bushels, and that per master's instructions. I improved rapidcent, in addition will make it a profitable ly, and my paintings soon excelled those tion, and readily sanctioned our betrothal, business. With a country, the surface of the other five. My taste did not inabounding with Gypsum, Lime, Iron and cline to sacred subjects, like that of Van and Copper, and underlaid with coal and Roos, but rather to the familiar rural salt—Michigan is to be the wealthy State style of Berghem and Paul Potter. It was my great delight to wander along time, perhaps, have made a name in my the rich pasture-lands, to watch the amprofession. I intended soon to send a studies in the atelier of the painter, a Farra.—I envy no quality of mind of intellect in others, said Sir Humphrey dairy, the lazy wind-mills, and the calm Davy—not genius, power, wit or fancy; clear waters of the canals, scarcely ruffled but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to In depicting scenes of this nature—

"The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale, The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail" I was singularly fortunate. My master never praised me by word or look; but when my father came up one day from Schiedam to visit me, he drew him aside and told him, in a voice inaudible to the rest, that "Messer Franz would be a divinity; makes an instrument of fortine and shame the ladder to paradise; and far way took me out with him for the day, and, after giving me fifteen gold pieces as a testimony of his satisfaction, took me to dine with his friend the burgomaster, Von Gael. It was an eventful

cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the and decency are alike offered up at the so completely fascinated me. Though dog-days, and freeze with bare necks and session and good-breeding. In the evenarms, in lace and satin shoes, in January ing, she sang some sweet German songs does a fashion become general, than, let its merits or beauties be ever so great, it is changed for one which, perhaps, has nothing but its novelty to recommend it.

'Just twenty-two, sir," I replied, rath-

I inclined my head in sileuce, and won dered what would come next. Burgomaster von Gael is one of

oldest friends,' said my father. I have often heard you speak of him,

sir,' I replied.
'And he is rich.'

my father, as if thinking aloud. I bowed again, but this time rather nervously.

'Marry her, Franz'
I dropped his arm and started back.
'Sir!' I faltered: 'I — I — marry the Fraulein von Gaelf

ment without'-

'O, sir, you do me injustice!' I cried .-Indeed, I know no one-have seen no other lady. But - do you think thatthat she would have, sir?"

I am not very much mistaken, the burgomaster would be as pleased as myself; and as for the fraulein-women are easily

We had by this time reached the doo of the inn where my father was to sleep for the night. As he left me, his last words were: "Try her, Franz-try her."

From this time I became a frequent visitor at the house of the Burgomaster von Gael. It was a large, old-fashioned mansion, built of red brick, and situated upon the famous line of houses known as the Boompjes. In front lay the broad shining river, crowded with merchantvessels, from whose masts fluttered the flags of all trading nations of the world. Tall trees, thick with foliage, lined the quays, and cast a pleasant shade, through which the sunlight flickered brightly upon the spacious drawing-rooms of

Here, night after night, when the studies of the day were past, I used to sit with her beside the open window, and watch the busy passing crowd beneath, the rippling river, and the rising moon that tipped the masts and city spires with silver. Here, listening to the accents of a distant ballad-singer, or to the far murmur of voices from the shipping, we read together from the pages of our favorite poets, and counted the first pale stars that trembled into light. It was a happy time. But there came

at last a time still happier, when, one still evening as we sat alone, conversing in unfrequent whispers, and listening to t e beating of each other's hearts, I told So we exchanged cards answer, laid her fair head silently upon as my father had predicted, the Burgomaster showed every mark of satisfacspecifying but one condition, and this was that our marriage should not take We stopped before place till my twenty-fifth year. It was a long time to wait; but I should by that And so our happy youth rolled on, and the quaint old dial in Messer von Gael's

tulip arden told the passage of our golden hours. In the mean time, I worked sedulously at my picture; Ilabored upon it all the winter; and when springtime came, I sent it in, with no small anxiety as to its probable position upon the walls of the gallery. It was a view in one of the streets of Rotterdam -There were the high old houses, with their gables and carven doorways, and the red sunset glittering on the bright, winking panes of the upper windows— the canal, flowing down the centre of the visit for me. On that evening I first with a bound by its white drawbridge, with a barge just passing underneathit been said and sung, "there is no place like home."

And then again, some one has said, "Home is home, be it ever so homely."—
And you would have thought so an hour since, to have seen the imates of a Dutch cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the park to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to gaze at the cabin arranged on the bank to g away, even Hans van Roos nooded a cold little Bell Seymore. They were like old shrine of this Moloch. At its command its votaries melt under fur boas in the her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father her father's princely table with self-postagement, and said that it deserved her father her a good position. He had mused pared a painting this year, on a more father desired to have not pared a painting this year, on a more ambitious scale, and larger canvas than ed—to console him for her absence, he ambitious scale, and larger canvas than ed—to console him for her absence, he said, when I should be so wicked as to

I had scarcely slept the previous night; mich cow, or a drove of sheep, far better and the early morning found me, with a number of other students, waiting impatiently before the yet unopened door.—

When I arrived, it wanted an hour to the first. In vain I reasoned with her

quickly to my brow as I bowed and the time; but half the day seemed to hanked him. elapse before we heard the heavy bolt 'Franz,' said my father, when we were give way inside, and then forced our way once more in the street, 'hew old are struggling through the narrow barriers. I had flown up the staircase, and found myself in the first room, amid the bright walls of paintings and gilt frames. I have 'You will not be dependent on your forgotten to purchase a catalogue at the brush, my boy,' continued my father, as he leaned on my arm and looked back at back for it; so I strede round and round Works," which supply the gas for the house and such of the citizens as use it. by father had his tulip-garden and sumpassed on to the next; here my search

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was equally unsuccessful.
'It must be in the third room,' I said to myself, 'where all the best pictures are placed! Well, if it be hung ever so high, or in ever so dark a corner, it is, at all events, an honor to have one's picture

in the third room!

But, though I spoke so bravely, it was with a sinking heart I ventured in. I 'And he is riem.'
'So I should suppose.'
'Gertrude will have a fine fortune,' said could not really hope for a good place among the magnates of the art; while in the said licen. either of the other rooms, there had been a possibility that my picture might receive a tolerable situation.

The house had formerly been the mansion of a merchant, of enormous wealth, who had left it, with his valuable collec-'And pray, sir, why not?' said my fath-er curtly, stopping short in his walk and leaning both hands upon the top of his

The third room had been his receptionchamber, and the space over the magnifi-cently carved chimney was assigned, as the place of honor, to the best painting. Now, Franz, if I thought you had been such a fool as to form any other attach- naturally turned as I entered the door.— Was I dreaming? I stood still—I turned hot and cold by turns—I ran forward.—It was no delusion! There was my pieture, my own picture, in its little modest frame, installed in the chief place of all 'Try her, Franz,' said my father good-humoredly, as he resumed my arm. 'If official card, stuck in the corner, with the words, 'PRIZE PAINTING,' printed in shin-ing gold letters in the middle! I ran down the staircase and bought a catalogue that my eyes might be gladdened by the confirmation of this joy; and there, sure enough, was printed at the commencement: 'Annual Prize Painting-View in Rotterdam, No. 127 -- FRANZ LINDEN. I could have wept for delight. I was never tired of looking at my picture: I walked from one side to the other-I retreated-I advanced closer to it-I looked at it in every possible light, and forgot

all but my happiness. 'A very charming little painting, sir,' said a voice at my elbow.

It was an eldery gentleman, with gold spectacles, an an umbrella. I colored up, and said, falteringly: 'Do you think so?' 'I do, sir,' said the old gentleman 'I am an amateur - I am very fond of pietures. I presume that you are, also, an

I bowed. 'Very nice little painting indeed; ve-ry nice, he continued, as he wiped his glasses. and adjusted them with the air of a connoiseur. 'Water very liquid, colors pure, sky transparent, perspective admirable.-

'Will you?' I exclaimed, joyfully.

O, thank you, sir!" 'O,' said the old gentleman, turning

suddenly upon me; and smiling kindly, so you are the artist, are you? Happy to make your acquaintance, Messer Lin den. You are a very young man to paint such a picture as that. I congratulate

So we exchanged cards, shook hands, and became the best friends in the world. my shoulder with a sweet confidence, as she were content to rest forever. Just tune; but my new patron took my arm, and said that he must make the tour of the rooms in my company; and I was

We stopped before a large painting, that occupied the next best situation to mine: it was my master's werk, the Conpicture to the annual exhibition, and who could tell what I might not do in three years to show Gertrude how dearly I the pale countenance of Van Roos,-There was something in the expression of his face that shocked me-something that stopped my breath, and made me shudder. What was it? I scarcely shudder. What was it? I scarced knew; but the glare of his dark eyes, and knew; but the glare of his lin, haunte the quivering passion of his lip, haunted me for the rest of the day, and came back again in my dreams. I said nothing of it to Gertrude that afternoon, but it had sobered my rapturous exultation most effectually. I positively dreaded, the next day, to return to the studio; but, to my surprise, my master received me as he never had received me before. He advanced, and extended his hand to me.

'Welcome, Franz Linden,' he said, smiling; 'I am proud to call you my pupil. The hand was cold-the voice harsh—the smile was passionless. My companions crowded round and congratulated me; and, in the warm tones of their young, cheerful voices, and the close pressure of their friendly hands, I forgot all that had pained me in the conduct of

Van Roos. Not long after this event, Gertrude's father desired to have her portrait paintnsual. It was a sacred subject, and represented the Conversion of St. Paul.—
His pupils admired it warmly, and none more than myself. We all pronounced recently left; and Van Roos was summore to be his master-piece, and the artist was evidently of our opinion.

The day of exhibition came at last.—
Led search slott the previous night have performed; but portraiture was not my line. I could paint a sleek, spotted milch cow, or a drove of sheep, far better than the fair skin and golden curls of my